THE SAPPHIRE 1917

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Blanche C. King
"Tassiforn"
Hendersonville,
North Carolina.

1916 - 1917 -

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THE SAPPHIRE

Foreword

We extend to you our greetings with the hope that this our first volume of The Sapphire may give you a glimpse into the life and spirit of our School

1917

FASSIFERN

Fassifern School Song

(AIR—"VIEN' QUA, DORINA BELLA")

Fassifern! thy glory brightens
As time completes each year,
And the strength of thy sweet influence
Is felt both far and near.

Clear as shine the beauteous mountains,
'Mongst which thou hast found thy rest,
Is thy law of truth and kindness
That our lives may be more blest.

Not alone for self; for thy life
May we ever love renew,
Thro' the years that now are future,
E'er be loyal, brave and true.

—C. A. P.

Katherine Cameron Shipp

To

Katherine Cameron Shipp

PRINCIPAL OF FASSIFERN SCHOOL

In gratitude for her strong guidance this book is dedicated
by
The Class of Nineteen Hundred Seventeen

GRADUATE STUDENTS

BESS CHILD
Hendersonville, N. C.
"Who ne'er knew joy but
friendship might divide."

MARY COBB
Chapel Hill, N. C.
"Tiny? Yes! but brave!"

ANNA LOCKE INGRAM

Wadesboro, N. C.

"She has two eyes, so soft and brown,
Take care!"

EDITH JENKINS

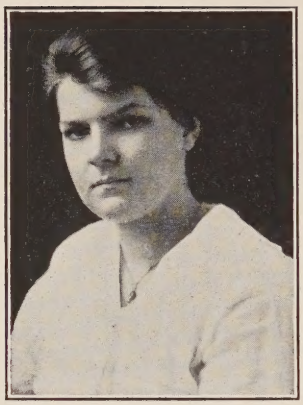
Henrietta, N. C.

"Who mixed reason with folly
and wisdom with mirth."

MARGARET JUSTUS

Hendersonville, N. C.

"She loves her friend better
than she loves herself"



SALLIE LOU PACKARD
Shelby, N. C.
"What man dares, I dare!"

ELIZABETH PENDLETON
Spartanburg, S. C.
"Blessings on him who first invented sleep!"

MIRIAM McCLAMMY
Wilmington, N. C.
"The power of thought, the magic of the mind"—

Certificate Student.

HARRIET BELLAMY

Wilmington, N. C.

"Happy am I; from care I'm free,
Why aren't they all content like me?"

Fassifern

O Fassifern, O Fassifern,
For you our hearts shall ever yearn,
Our steps to you shall ever turn,
There, always, lessons we shall learn,
And never shall your counsels spurn,
Our own beloved Fassifern!

—L. M.

SENIOR CLASS

Senior Class Roll

Harriet Bellamy
Marion Bethune
Mary Cobb
Bess Child
Mary Duff
Ella Lindsay
Alice McCurdy
Cornelia McDowell
Corinna Moore
Anna Locke Ingram
Edith Jenkins
Margaret Justus
Miriam McClammy
Sallie Lou Packard
Elizabeth Pendleton
Susie Taylor
Ruth Wooten

JUNIOR CLASS.

Junior Class Roll

Josephine Bird
Leonora Blount
Gladys Brown
Gwendolyn Buckner
Nell Carson
Elizabeth Coleman
Helen Coles
Lucy Dermid
Eloise Horner
Claudia Kelly
Blanche King
Mary Kemper
Muriel Macnaughtan
Emily MacRae
Frances Merrimon
Lucille Morris
Betty Skelding
Anne Sumner
Thelma Ward
Virginia Williams
Tempie Zollicoffer

SOPHOMORE CLASS.

Sophomore Class Roll

Ellen Allston
Jessie Cary
Erline Case
Emily Hewitt
Jerome Hicks
Louise Highsmith
Edith Hoffman
Mary Lybrook Lasater
Anne Mallett
Iva McAulay
Jane MacMillan
Annie James Morgan
Rose Morton
Frances Parker
Ruth Pulliam
Pauline Robinson
Alma Seagle
Alice Sumner
Marjorie Sumrell
Sarah Ward
Caroline Yancey

FRESHMAN CLASS.

Freshman Class Roll

Marjorie Carson
Nannie Cawthorne
Josephine Dixon
Margaret Hatch
Mary Elizabeth Justus
Mary Alice Willson
Mildred Lindsay
Alice Lowndes
Edwena McMillan
Jo McMillan
Ashleigh Ray
Agnes Willcox

Fassifern
1907-1917

FASSIFERN opened its doors to students October seventh, 1907 completing therefore, with this term, its tenth year.

The name was chosen sometime before the foundation of the school; and bestowed in honor of one of the Cameron homes in the highlands of Scotland. This charming region, in the neighborhood of Loch Eil, is intimately associated with the romantic adventures of Prince Charles Edward and the "Rebellion of the '45." The night before he was joined by the clans at Glenfennan, the Prince was the guest of Cameron of Fassifern, brother of the "Gentle Sir Ewen," chief of the Clan Cameron.

Fassifern is a Gaelic word, meaning "House among the alders."

The founder ofthe school, while teaching in a large boarding school, noticed that many very young girls were brought there who needed more individual attention that can be given them in a large school. She conceived the idea of establishing a school so limited in numbers that each girl shouldreceive the particular teaching, care, and attention her case demanded.

Lincolnton, North Carolina, was selected as a suitable and conveniently located town; and a hillside, overlooking the river, was the chosen site of the home school.

When the opening day arrived the buildings were not ready, so the school was really begun in a house belonging to Mr. Reinhardt on the main street of the village. Here arrived, October 7th, seven boarding pupils whose names are as follows: Eva Moody, Jane Meares, Mildred Jenkins, Nell O'Kelly, Lesa Royall, Lorena Wiseman, Jannie Wetmore. At Thanksgiving the "house on the hill" was ready, and by that time the number of boarding pupils had increased to thirteen, known as "the original thirteen."

During the first year there were fifteen resident students which was the number selected for the ideal school. There were thirty-one students in all, including three co-eds.

The faculty at that time included the present principals and Miss Josephine Bowen, teacher of music. It soon became evident that with the demands of a school for girls, it was necessary to employ other teachers, so more students were received. The second year, twenty-two boarding pupils were at Fassifern

and a cottage rented for their accommodation. Later, two buildings were added and forty resident pupils was the usual number for several years. Sarah Williams of Greenville, S. C., was the last of the "original thirteen" to leave, having remained at the school five years. The oldest inhabitant was Mary Damron, who remained seven years as a student, leaving in June, 1916. Evelyn Graham and Betty Heyward were students six years both remaining as assistants in the school work until the present year.

Fassifern's first graduate and certificate student in music was Annie Pegram Oates (1913) who, after completing the four years' course, remained two years more as a post graduate. The class of 1914 also graduated only one student, Jennie Saine, also music certificate pupil. She remained a year longer as special student. 1915 sent out six graduates in full course, with two certificate students in English and modern languages and two in music. Of the six graduates three were accepted without examination at the following standard colleges: Goucher, Lake Erie, and Converse. Caroline Hough, a member of this class, though not a graduate, entered the University of Florida on certificate.

In 1916, Fassifern was accredited by Smith and Wellesley Colleges, and it is to be hoped that some members of the present graduating class will avail themselves of the privilege of entering one or both of these colleges without examination. Of the eight who expect to receive diplomas, two entered as small children and have been in school five and six years, respectively. Two have been students four years; three, two years; one entered the senior class this year.

In 1914 it was decided to move the school to Hendersonville, N. C., so on the anniversary of the first opening the new Fassifern received into its beautiful and commodious buildings sixty boarding pupils, thirty-four of whom were former students. There were twenty from the town of Hendersonville, not in residence.

In the class of 1915 Katherine Manning was valedictorian; in the class of 1916 Jessie Jenkins received that honor as well as the prize offered by Mr. Hawkins of Hendersonville for general excellence. Miss Pixley, director of music, has held that position for eight years, the only member of the present faculty who has been with the school for so long a time.

In the course of years, departments have been added with the teachers for the same. In 1915 the course in Spanish was begun, and with 1916 the departments of Domestic Science and Domestic Art were established, the first

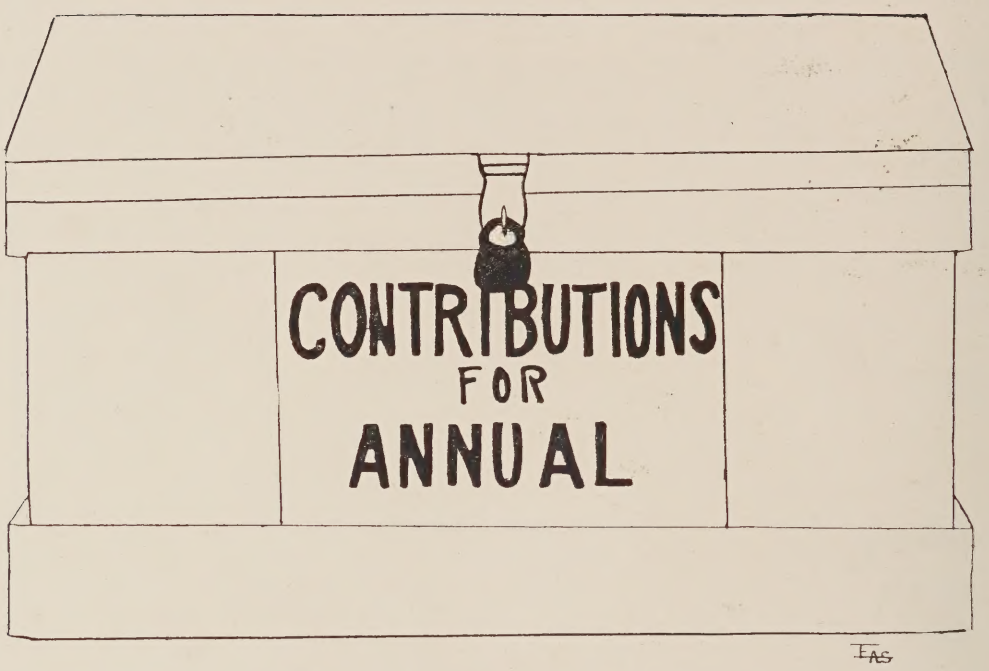
THE ORIGINAL THIRTEEN.

with twelve pupils and the second with eight.

During its life of ten years between four and five hundred have received instruction at Fassifern. Of these, so far as we have the records, thirty-seven are married; eleven are teachers; two are trained nurses; fourteen entered standard colleges; five, normal schools, and a large number spent a year or more at "finishing schools" or schools that offer a year or more of college work.

In the course of time the student body has supported full or partial scholarships in the following schools: Valle Crucis; Christ School, Arden; Franklin Presbyterian School; Salisbury Industrial Institute. Boxes have been sent twice a year or more to various missions and orphanages of different religious bodies; electric lights given to a church and parish house in Lincolnton; and each Thanksgiving, since the school was established, a dinner and presents to the County Home of Lincoln or Henderson.

KATHERINE C. SHIPP.



Beyond the Battle-Field.

IT is a small room I see. In it there is a large table, a few chairs and a cupboard. The table is covered with a neat white cloth and on its snowy surface an evening meal has been placed. Some simple pictures hang on the low walls. The floor is bare, but spotlessly clean. At one end there is a huge fireplace; a pot is boiling merrily over the small wood fire. On the sides of the fireplace pans and cooking utensils hang in neat array. The snowy white curtains have been pulled to one side so the sun can shine through the small windows. In the doorway a young woman is standing, holding a little baby close to her heart. A look of anguish and despair passes over her calm features as, far in the distance, she sees the smoke and hears the deafening din of another battle. At the table an old, old man and woman are sitting eating their supper; they wear a happy expression—war means nothing to them now. The old white-haired man has fought his battles while the little white-headed woman waited patiently at home. But the young mother in the doorway cannot be comforted —war has taken all the joy from her life.

N. C.

"Un Giorno di Porpora."

COOK'S tourists thronged your sacred forum,
The idle traveler wandered thru historic streets,
They did not think, they cared not for the nation;
The throbbing heart of Italy that beats
So fiercely, in their ken did not exist.
To them the land was but a great museum;
They scorned the kingdom, called its glories past,
But when the soul of Garibaldi
Shouted "Arm!" they learned the truth at last.

"Fuori i barbari! Viva Italia!"
All the small tourists are swept from your way;
Unfettered, the soul of the nation arises,
Springs from its ashes, grows stronger each day.

The poet spoke: "A purple day is dawning,
For new departure this is a return."
The poet spoke, and all the nation listened,
Pondering his words in hearts that leapt and burned.

Then—"Viva Italia!" rang the clarion cry
Of men and women, boys, and fresh-faced girls;
Youth sprang to arms, and, waving the tri-color
Cried "Viva Italia!" and marched forth to die.

"Fuori i barbari! Viva Italia!"
Now in the dawn of this new purple day,
Unfettered, the soul of the nation arises,
Springs from its ashes, grows stronger each day.

V. L.

The Joys of Suburban Life.

HAVE you ever been a suburbanite outside of a town where there is a decided scarcity of cars? Perhaps a short description of a Saturday afternoon pleasure trip to the movies will be sufficient to keep you from leaving your comfortable home in town.

On coming out of the theatre I behold the once-every-hour-and-seventeen-minutes car rolling out of town about two blocks ahead. After walking around for quite a while, keeping a close watch on the track, I suddenly remember that I am expected to bring home the Saturday night oysters. I dash into the nearest butcher shop and purchase a quart. The watch by the track is then resumed, until I become too cold to care whether the car comes or not.

After getting thawed out at some friend's hospitable fireside—a process punctuated by numerous trips to the window and frequent glances from clock to watch and back again—I hear the toot of my car. Upon rushing frantically out, I perceive that it is going in the wrong direction. Not wishing to intrude upon my friend's hospitality again in so short a time, I stand outside, hunched up in a miserable knot.

A sigh of relief is heaved when the car is actually seen coming the right way. On closer observation, however, I note that even the aisles and platforms seem too full to admit one more passenger.

After stepping on and being stepped on by everybody I pass, and having

my unoffending hat knocked first over one ear and then over the other, the oysters and I reach standing space in the front. Several minutes pass, during which I first sit in a gentleman's lap, and then knock off the glasses of a severe looking lady in front of me.

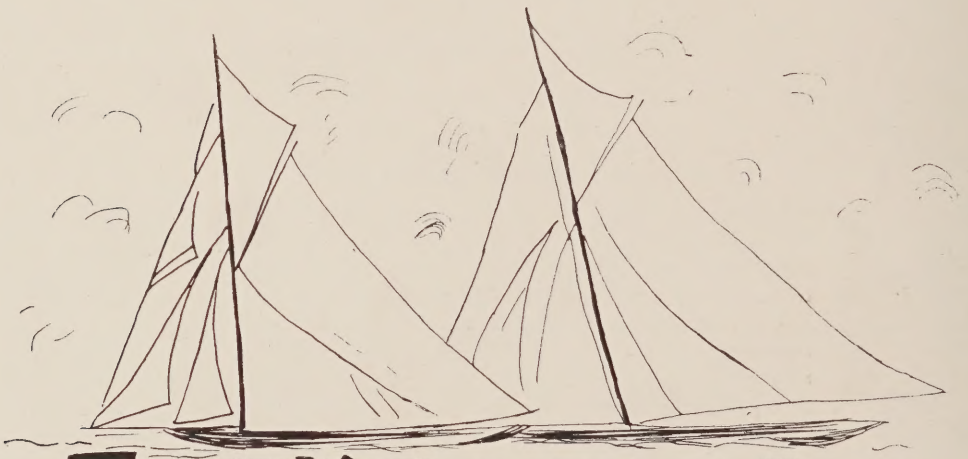
Finally, a man who was fortunate enough to get a seat reluctantly offers it to me, and after thanking him, I climb over the severe looking (and incidentally very stout) lady, to obtain six square inches of seat and carefully placed the oysters on the floor next to the wall.

After a long ride, seasoned by the jolting and jarring of the car as it stops at each and every platform along the line, I reached my destination, namely, home.

I get up to depart, and at the same time experience a peculiar feeling of dampness around my feet. Looking down, I see that the oysters are roaming around some distance away, presumably enroute for the Atlantic, while one of my feet occupies their former dwelling place.

With a feeling and gesture of despair I leave the car, oysterless and weary of the woes of travelling.

E. T. L.



THE YACHT RACE.

E.B.A.

Everything was in a state of excitement for it was only five minutes before the cannon would sound and the yacht race would begin.

It was an ideal day for a race; the sky was azure blue, nowhere could be seen a dark cloud. The midsummer sun was shining steadily down on the white sand of the shell-covered beach. As you looked out at sea the atmosphere was so clear you could see small ships like tiny specks on the horizon.

Suddenly, after several expectant minutes, the cannon sounded and all the yachts with large sails set started out. As they went before the wind all in a straight line and an even distance apart, they looked like large birds flying, so smoothly did they skim over the water. Number Sixteen, cutting the water, skimmed ahead, making little white waves on either side of her, but only for a short time did she hold the lead, for behind her came Number Twenty-four and shot ahead. She, however, soon capsized, turning all her crew into the water.

As they neared the buoy, the turning point of the race, I looked around at my friends. Some were shouting and cheering, some had tense, eager expressions on their faces, while others sat motionless.

As the yachts started on their homeward stretch, I could not help noticing what a beautiful picture was before me. The sun was just sinking down below the horizon and everywhere was reflected its red glow. Even the sails, full set, looked pink and Number Sixteen, now ahead again, was nearing the landing, cutting the water like a knife.

As she glided in just ahead of Number Twenty-four the cannon sounded and all the tense expressions changed into those of relief. Cheers were still ringing on the air as we left the landing, and gazing back over the empty bay, I saw, where the sun had been only a few minutes before, only a dull red glow.

H. H. B.

Smoke Fairies.

GAZING toward the dim horizon
I saw pictures in the smoke
As it curled against the deep blue of the sky,
First a dragon, then a unicorn,
And next in contrast bright,
A regiment of fairies floated by.

Their antics, they were numberless
As in succession swift
They danced and played and tripped in bright array.
But finally they left me
Gazing at an empty sky
For they'd flitted towards the sunset far away.

E. F. MacR.

HOW THE GOT HIS CROW.

P.W.R.

(With Apologies to Kipling)

LISTEN, oh my Beloved, and you shall hear how the rooster got his crow. Not always could he awaken the community with his melodious voice, for he was once as noiseless as a church steeple.

The First and Original Rooster lived far away from this land. He lived on a back fence near a boarding school. Every day he heard the Featherless Bi-peds in the school making a great noise. He was devoted to noise, and it was a daily source of grief to him that he was incapable of making a single sound.

Now there were in that school two featherless bipeds frequently together, who made more noise than all the rest of the Featherless Bipeds put together. One made a noise louder than the three o'clock mill whistle; the other a noise louder than a bursting steam pipe. When the rooster heard this noise he flapped his wings for joy, and wept for sorrow that the delight of making such a noise could never be his.

At last the Featherless Biped-Who-Made-a-Noise-Louder-Than-a-Three O'clock-Mill-Whistle and who gave the rooster food, noticed how sad he was and heard his pitiful efforts low in his throat to make a fuss. When a few days had passed in this manner, she suddenly realized that the rooster's inability to make a great noise was the cause of his woe. So one day the Featherless Biped Who-Made-a-Noise-Louder-Than-a-Three-O'clock-Mill-Whistle, determined to remove the cause of his sorrow if it were possible.

The Featherless Biped, Who-Made-a-Noise-Louder-Than-a-Three-O'clock Mill-Whistle, thought and thought. She thought in the morning and she thought in the afternoon, likewise at night. One night at exactly one twenty-three a. m., she was inspired by so brilliant an inspiration that she touched the ceiling with her left foot for joy. Taking a small tin whistle she went out to the back fence, where the rooster had for the time being, drowned his woes in slumber. Taking a long slender stick she pushed the whistle down the rooster's throat without waking him. Then she went to bed, happy and satisfied.

When the rooster woke just before five o'clock he breathed a sad sigh to think that he had to live thru another noiseless day. And lo! as he drew in his breath a long clear crow issued from his throat!

Now all this happened before daylight and that is why to this day, best be loved, all the descendants of the rooster have tin whistles in their throats, and crow long and loud at daybreak.

E. T. L.

Spring

The sapphire skies, the fleecy clouds,
Like clusters of swan's wing,
The trees, the very air itself,
Tell of approaching Spring.

The saucy little dandelion
Perks up its yellow head,
The crocus lifts its blanket off,
And leaves its warm earth-bed.

The chrysalis has come out, too,
But now her little gown
Is dainty yellow trimmed with black,
Instead of sober brown.

The cold and frosty days are gone,
The snow has left each nook,
And in the forest can be heard
Once more the noisy brook.

The flowers bloom on every side,
Bird-songs are sweet and clear,
And every tiny growing thing
Seems calling, "Spring is here!"

E. T. L.

"No Ma'am We Haven't Saw Him."

N the bank of a small winding stream shaded by bushes and tall trees, stands a sturdy mountain woman. From under her checked sunbonnet peers a stern and threatening face. Her sleeves are rolled up to her elbows and in her hand is clenched a big hickory stick ready for action. She is looking for her son, whom she wishes to keep tied to her white apron strings.

Above the surface of the water she sees three little dripping heads—the heads of her neighbor's children. On the opposite side of the bank stands a ittle dog looking wonderingly at the clear water through which he can see the

erring son holding his nose and almost strangling in his efforts to avoid discovery. A close observer may discern bubbles coming to the surface of the water at the point where the little dog is staring. But all this escapes the woman's eye. Still, if the woman would look beyond the dog, she would recognize her son's trousers lying among the other boys' clothing which is scattered all along the bank. But she sees only the three apparently innocent faces whose owners reply to her questions, "No, ma'am we haven't saw him."

S. T.

My Grandmother

I SAT nearby and watched my grandmother with growing admiration. I thought I had never seen any one quite so lovely.

She sat in the bay window quietly humming an old tune to herself and rocking to and fro. As her knitting progressed she now and then gave a jerk at the big ball of yarn that lay on the floor by her side.

Her silvery hair and sweet old face beamed from under her little lace cap as she bent over her knitting. By her right shoulder hung two silvery curls that exactly matched the dainty grey dress she wore. Thrown lightly about her was a white silk shawl that almost covered the thin gold chain and locket that was clasped about her neck. Around her lay her skirt. It was very wide, had several hoops in it, and bobbed up and down as she rocked to and fro. Her tiny feet peeped from under the skirt and showed little grey shoes sparkling with silver colonial buckles.

Indeed it was easy to imagine that I was living in the olden times as I sat and watched this beautiful picture.

T. Z

AND

THE big attic with its two little windows at the far end seemed just a place for memories. The faint light from the windows gave an unreal atmosphere to the whole room. Even the heavy cobwebs hanging from the old rafters seemed more than ordinary cobwebs. The old trunks with their misty outlines, a big armchair with a broken leg, and an old spinning wheel near the window all seemed to have some story to tell.

Presently the dreamy silence was broken by the click of a latch. The door opened from below and an old lady came up the dark, cobwebby stairs. She paused a moment as if to accustom her eyes to the dim light of the attic, then came forward to the window and sat on a low stool in front of an interesting looking box.

She was a dear old lady and looked very lovable. Her snow-white hair curled around her face in a very becoming way. She wore a white fichu over a quaint black dress.

As she opened the box she had a lovely, tender, faraway expression on her face. One by one she took out its hidden treasures. First a rag doll that had seen hard wear and a dangerous looking slingshot that fairly shouted that it had belonged to a sturdy little boy. Then came a small gaily colored trunk of doll clothes besides other pieces of small furniture that had all belonged to Marjorie. School time now! She took out a dogeared primer with "Phil" scrawled across the front page, then a very clean Arithmetic marked "Marjorie." Then came other souvenirs of school work, and finally at the bottom of the box lay a small satin slipper and a heavy baseball shoe with its cleats badly worn.

The little old lady sat still now, and her mind seemed to travel far back to the time Marjorie and Phil had first started out, hand in hand, to school with their slates and books under their arms. She remembered that Marjorie had looked frightened as they had gone down the steps and that Phil, with a look of determination to protect his sister, had gone on a step before her. She thought of the struggle with copybooks and later with compositions and themes, as they went from grade to grade.

Then they were in High School. After that they fought Caesar's battles with him. At such times it was Phil to whom the thrill of Caesar's battles made appeal, but it was Marjorie who did better in history.

Their four years of High School over, they thought of college. In the fall they separated. Phil went to a University to study law. Her little Phil who had done so well in his speeches at High School! Marjorie went to a Conservatory.

There followed four years in which they were only at home during their Christmas holidays and summer vacations. But during the long four years, graphic accounts of their respective schools flew back to their mother.

In his Freshman year Phil was hazed; at another time he was in training to make a team. But Junior year filled his mind with more serious things, although athletics played a great part. He had made his baseball team and was winning recognition among his class-mates for his good work on his team.

Marjorie wrote of her classmates, her good times and always of her music that she loved. Then in her Senior year her mind was filled with her coming recital.

Clearly the litte old lady remembered the day she had received the two letters; the one full of the coming recital; the other of the last and most important "game" to be played and both begging her to come.

She had gone to both recital and game—first to Marjorie's recital with Phil. She remembered the dress Marjorie had worn and here was one of her pink satin slippers! As she looked at the slipper in her lap she could feel the thrill she had felt when Marjorie, at the piano, had swayed the audience with her wonderful playing. That was a night to be remembered.

The little lady looked down in her lap at this other shoe which she prized so highly. Heavy and boyish, it too held pleasing memories, for she had gone to the game, this time with Marjorie, and seen her son, after discouraging losses, lead his team to victory and be carried from the field on the shoulders of his excited class-mates. He it was, as captain, who had lead his team to a year of success.

She looked lovingly at these two treasures, the satin slipper and the base-ball shoe, which held so many memories.

"Grandmother, are you up there?" called two childish voices.

"Who were they?" She must have been dreaming all of these things, for here surely, were Phil and Marjorie! No, they had called her "Grandmother."

Oh! Yes! They were little Phil and Marjorie for whom she had come to the attic to get the slipper and the shoe. She wanted to tell the chidren the stories of long ago and show them her two highly prized treasures.

She shut down the box and taking the dainty slipper and the heavy, boyish shoe went down the stairs leaving the attic to dream on again in unbroken silence.

E. P.

The Pillow Fairy

THE pillow fairy will come
tonight,
If you're good and will go
to sleep,
She'll bring you the nicest
kinds of toys
And candy and nuts to eat.

But if you're a bad little girl
to-night
And cry when you're put to bed,
The pillow fairy won't come at all
But a horrible goblin instead.

So, jump into bed like a good little girl
And let me cover you tight,
Then the pillow fairy will come to you
Instead of the goblin tonight.

J. B.

ATHLETICS

BASKET BALL TEAM

Ellen Allston
Jessie Cary
Emily Hewitt
Mildred Lindsey
Emily MacRae
Ruth Pulliam
Betty Skelding

Gladys Brown
Nannie Cawthorne
Edith Hoffman
Alice Lowndes
Rose Morton
Alma Seagle
Marjorie Sumrell

TENNIS

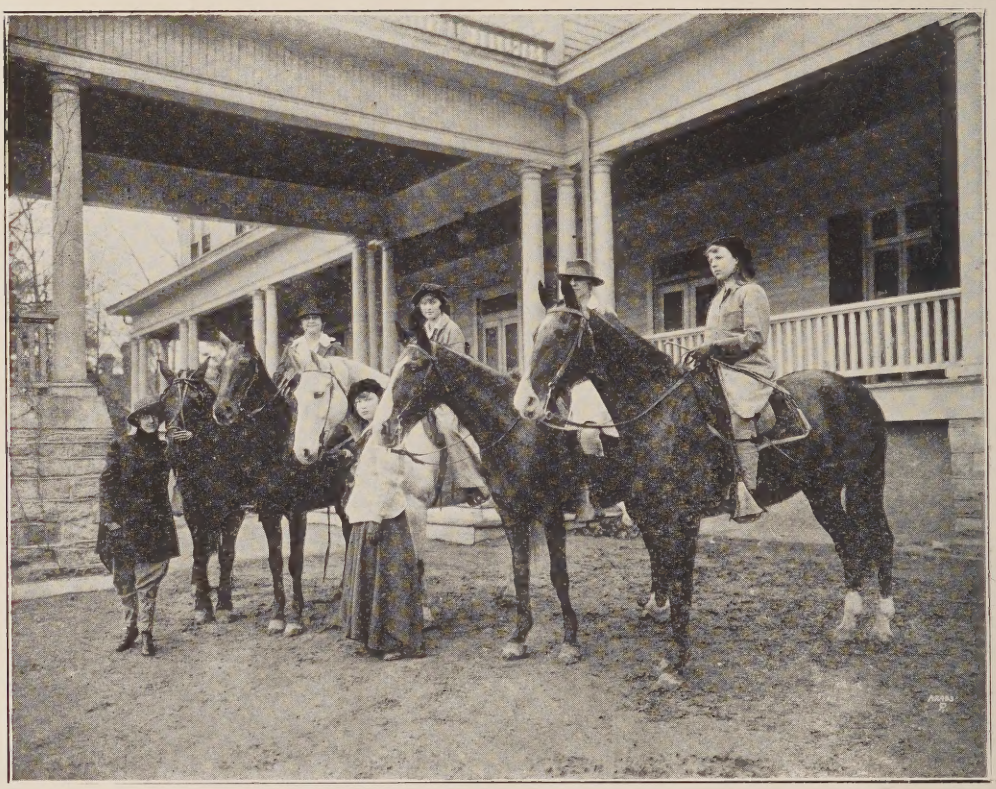
Ellen Allston
Marion Bethune
Gladys Brown
Nannie Cawthorne
Elizabeth Coleman
Anna Locke Ingram
Mary Lybrook Lasater
Mildred Lindsey
Cornelia McDowell
Annie James Morgan
Sallie Lou Packard
Elizabeth Pendleton
Alma Seagle
Betty Skelding
Ruth Wooten

Harriet Bellamy
Leonora Blount
Jessie Cary
Mary Cobb
Edith Hoffman
Claudia Kelly
Alice Lowndes
Anne Mallett
Jane MacMillan
Rose Morton
Frances Parker
Ruth Pulliam
Marjorie Sumrell
Susie Taylor
Tempie Zollicoffer

Walking Club.

Marion Bethune
Sallie Lou Packard
Cornelia McDowell
Susie Taylor

The walking club was organized in November. Each girl wishing to be a member, pledged herself to obey certain simple regulations in regard to diet and exercise. By February first, only four girls had been willing to steadily conform to these regulations.



Riding Club.

Helen Coles
Evelyn Graham
Alice Lowndes
Claudia Kelly
Mary Lybrook Lasater
Virginia Williams

CLUBS

Short Story Club.

Ellen Allston
Harriet Bellamy
Marion Bethune
Josephine Bird
Gladys Brown
Gwendolyn Buckner
Nannie Cawthorne
Mary Cobb
Helen Coles
Anna Locke Ingram
Blanche King
Ella Lindsay
Alice Lowndes
Emily MacRae
Miriam McClammy
Cornelia McDowell
Corinna Moore
Elizabeth Pendleton
Susie Taylor
Virginia Williams
Ruth Wooten
Tempie Zollicoffer

Cotillion Club.

Harriet Bellamy
Marion Bethune
Leonora Blount
Gladys Brown
Gwendolyn Buckner
Jessie Cary
Elizabeth Coleman
Helen Coles
Elouise Horner
Anna Locke Ingram
Claudia Kelly
Blanche King
Mary Lybrook Lasater
Ella Lindsay
Muriel Macnaughtan
Miriam McClammy
Jane MacMillan
Annie James Morgan
Sallie Lou Packard
Ruth Pulliam
Betty Skelding
Alice Sumner
Anne Sumner
Virginia Williams
Ruth Wooten
Caroline Yancey
Tempie Zollicoffer

Music Department

IT is owing to the enthusiastic guidance of Miss Chelian Pixley, who has directed the work of the music department for eight years, that this department has not only grown steadily in numbers until the services of an assistant have been necessary, but that it has come to be such a vitalizing factor in the life of the school as a whole.

Certificates in music were granted to Minnie Lohr, Lucile Phelps, Annie Pegram Oates, Elizabeth Page, Jennie Saine, Kate Doty and Betty Heyward. To two of these students, Jennie Saine and Kate Doty, partial scholarship, at Converse College were awarded and to another, Annie Pegram Oates, four medals have been awarded by the Von Ende School of Music, New York City.

As has been suggested, however, just as the scope of the music department is not limited to piano instruction, but also includes instruction in violin and voice, so it is not limited to work with individuals. Five operettas and two sacred motets have been given in which all students had a share and which resulted in an increase of general interest and enthusiasm. In addition, the Concert Course plans for the students to hear each year at least three recitals given

by world famous artists. This year recitals were given by the Tollefsen Trio, Mr. Edward Baxter Perry of Boston, and by the Elsa Fischer string quartette.

The Tollefsen Trio, one of America's finest chamber-music organizations, was at Fassifern on November eighth. Their beautiful program was enjoyed by the students and many outsiders from Hendersonville and Asheville. This trio is not only well-known as a whole but each member has met with distinguished success. The pianist, Mme. Schnabel-Tollefsen has played with repeated and brilliant success with the leading symphony orchestras, while Mr. Durieux, 'cellist, has attracted wide attention in Holland, Belgium and Germany.

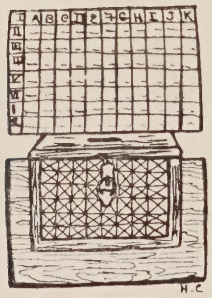
Mr. Edward Baxter Perry, concert pianist and lecturer, gave a most interesting recital at Fassifern on January nineteenth. Each number was preceded by a short lecture on the history and interpretation of the selection. Mr. Perry's own compositions, "The Aeolian Harp" and "The Ballad of Last Island" were particularly enjoyed, Mr. Perry is well known both in America and in Europe, and has everywhere gained marked recognition. He has visited Fassifern on several occasions and has each time been welcomed with increased enthusiasm.

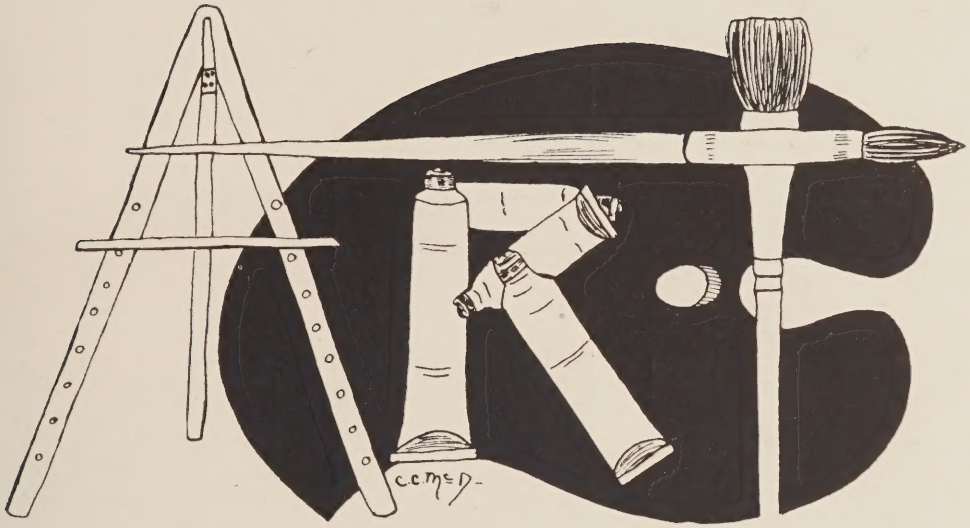
The Elsa Fischer string quartette played at Fassifern on the evening of February thirteenth. The violin and cello solos, as well as the ensemble playing were greatly enjoyed by the students and guests from town.

Beside these recitals, which properly belong under the management of the music department, Mr. and Mrs. Curtis, of Hendersonville have added greatly to the pleasure and interest of the students during the year by several entertainments in their home. Here the students had the opportunity of hearing their wonderful Welte-Mignon player piano, of which there are only three in the South. Perfect reproductions of the renditions of many great classical pieces by modern artists were given. The evenings so spent increased the intelligent appreciation of the students and added zest to their own endeavor.

At present the student body is eagerly beginning work on the Indian operetta "The Feast of the Red Corn", which is to be presented during Commencement week.

E. T. L.
A. L. I.





THE STUDENTS of this department, under the efficient direction of Miss Chambers, have done remarkably capable and effective work in drawing and painting. The illustrations and designs in the annual are all original, from the pencils of the present Fassifern pupils. In addition to the regular Art class, there is one for special work in design, and one in free hand drawing for the whole school.

Dr. William Redin Kirk was so much interested in the exhibit of last year's students, that he offered a gold medal to be given yearly for the best work in the department.

Miss Shipp gives a yearly prize for the best book plate of original design; and Miss Chambers offers one for still life. The book plate receiving this year's prize will be adopted for the annual.

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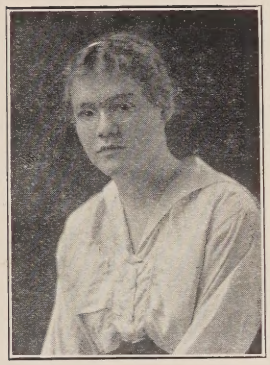

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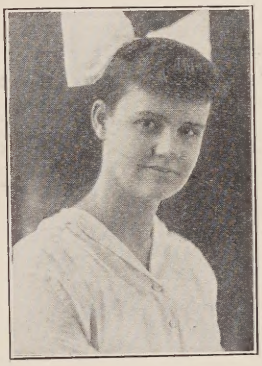

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HUMOR

Harriet Bellamy

ATHLETICS

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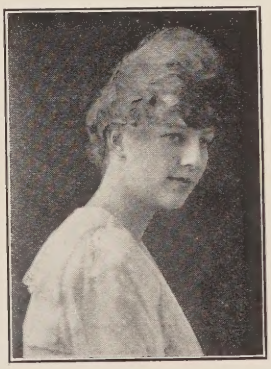
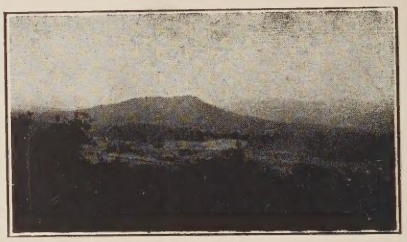


Marion Bethune

Fassifern Activities.

UR LIFE at Fassifern is not filled with work alone but many pleasures occupy our spare time.

In the early fall tennis and basket ball are the chief activities, while later, when it becomes too cold for these games, walking and horse-back riding are enjoyed. The girls who are fond of walking, form a club which takes long tramps and climbs the nearby mountains. The horse-back riders enjoy the wonderful mountain scenery and get pleasure from their long trips.



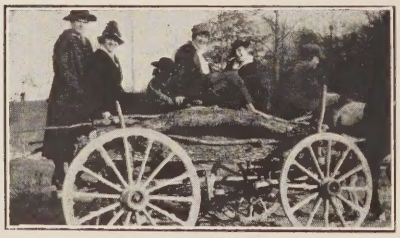
Mountain View

On Top of "Long John."

Besides these out-door sports, there are many in-door pleasures. Dancing is the favorite, and many good times are had at the entertainments given by the Cotillion Club. For those who are fond of reading, there is the Short-Story Club. Its members meet twice a month to read and discuss stories.

Picnic

We have no Dramatic Club, but several plays are usually given during the year. "Der Neffe Als Onkel," a German play, was translated and given by a group of girls in the fall. Another play, "The Land of Heart's Desire," was given after Christmas. But the thing which we all enjoy and work most for is the Operetta. What fun it is to be a fierce Indian or a Japanese princess!



Afternoon Walk.

After The Masquerade

On The Bridge

So the year, filled with work and pleasure rolls by and commencement comes. Then the porch columns are decorated with garlands, and the students, dressed in white, come together for a last farewell gathering. There is a feeling of sorrow mixed with our joy, however, for some of us will not return and it is sad to think of leaving Fassifern where we have spent so many happy days.

M. L. C.

Commmencement

HUMOR

1917 Class Prophecy.

I looked into the future
As in a looking glass.
Pray listen, and I'll tell you
Some things that I saw pass.

The first scene was in China,
And calmly sitting there
Was Anna Locke, arranging
Those heathen's long black hair.

And now we see in Texas,
Our valiant Sallie Lou,
Breaking the fierce young bronchos,
As all bold Texans do.

To Wrightsville Beach the scene now shifts,
And on the sand there sat
Geometrician Miriam
Just drinking anti-fat.

And Bess and Margaret, two in one,
Are teaching Spanish II
In their dear Alma Mater,
The proper thing to do.

And now of Edith I must speak,
A milliner is she,
Making and selling bonnets gay,
Way off in Gay Paree.

Mary is a geologist
And e'er her father's name
Will be known throughout the ages
By Mary's wondrous fame.

I now speak of Elizabeth,
She is an authoress,
And readers of dime novels
Her famous name will bless.

A German coach is Harriet,
Her teaching is the best,
And with this "kluge Lehrerin,"
The story now must rest.

E. T. L.

Miss Kelton (in German) "Elizabeth, what is the meaning of tot (pronounced tote)"?

Elizabeth: "It means to carry, doesn't it?"

It was Thanksgiving day and quite a lot of excitement had been caused, for Carolina had beaten Virginia at football. Edith Hoffman, hearing the noise, came in and said: "Didn't some school play ball here today?"

Cornelia McDowell: "Miss Kate, I want a straight ticket to Morganton."

Miss Kate (in Sunday school): "Miss Wooten, will you say the commandments?"

Ruth: "Miss Kate, I never have been to the Episcopal Church much. I don't know them."

"Emily, what kind of auto are you going to get?"
"I don't know but I want a Packard."

New Girl: "Who is Jim?"
Old Girl: "I don't know. Why?"
New Girl: "Miss Kelton told me to be ready for him tonight."

The Bells of Fassifern.

When early dawn begins to peep,
And tired girls are still asleep,
The window bell with piercing sound,
Rings out to put the windows down,
And later, just at seven-ten
The rising bell is rung, and then,
A monitor comes to each door
To bid the sleepers sleep no more.
At nearly eight the breakfast gong
Sings out its clear and clarion song

And those who didn't rise in time
Pull on their garments to its chime.
The school bell next proclaims the hour
For all to loose their working power
And thru the morning, too, it rings,
For Latin, Math and other things.
At one o'clock a welcome chime,
Proclaims at last the dinner time.
But after dinner another call,
Of that old bell means study hall,
And thru the day while still 'tis light
And for the studying 'gain at night
More bells must ring until at last
The time for work and study past
Right welcome to each sleepy head
Does sound the bell to go to bed.
But still another gong is heard
At ten o'clock, to give the word
For noise to stop, and racket cease
So thru the house there reigns a peace
That lasts until again at dawn
The window bell begins the morn.

E. F. MacR.

Wanted—A few feet.—M. Cobb.
Wanted—Curling tongs.—Blount.
Wanted—A corn "Cobb".—C. McDowell.
Wanted—A can of tongue.—B. Skelding.
Wanted—A talking machine.—F. Parker.
Wanted—Hair pins.—Anna L. Ingram.
Wanted—More sleep.—S. Taylor.
Wanted—A bird cage.—J. Bird.
Wanted—A "Giltless" sole.—E. Allston.
Wanted—A "Packard" car.—E. Hewitt.
Wanted—A butter-milk cow.—I. McAulay.
Wanted—A "Separator"—N. Carson, L. Morris.

The Wail of a Verdant Freshman.

It is an ardent Senior,
And she stoppeth one of three.
"With a long, long face and a piercing eye,
Now wherefore stoppeth thou me?

The schoolroom doors are open wide
And I must enter in,
My books to get, my work is set,
But what now is my sin?"

"You ran across the covered way,
Which is against the rule.
You wrote a letter, too, one day
'Twas in the hours of school.

You spoke aloud in study hour,
This you must never do,
In church your looks were dark and sour
And in your classes too.

Your room was in an awful mess,
Oh! this will never do!
Disorders and Neatnesses, I guess,
I'll have to give a few."

Disorders, Disorders everywhere
And all we freshmen shrink,
Neatnesses, neatnesses, everywhere
Away our tears we blink. —E. P.

"Zollie"—"Have you ever been christened?"
"Coles"—"Yes, twice, but it did not take."

"Brownie"—"I must go dress for gym."
Blount—"Jim who?"

Mary Cobb—"Miss Pixley, will you have beans?"
Miss Pixley: (a few minutes later)—"Mary, have you a bean?"

At Eight A. M.

Get out! dress no more
Monitor is at the door,
With hairpins in hand
In the hall we land
In haste for dining-room door.

Hark! a second bell sounds.
The monitors have made their rounds,
O'er covered way do not run
Disorders you'll find no fun
When next our poetry days come.
—T. Z., E. J.

"Betty, what did you get for Christmas?"
"A new record for my talking machine."

Mrs. Walker: "Agnes, who was Napoleon?"
Agnes: "It is some kind of soap, isn't it?"

Miss Hersperger (at dinner): "Oh! I wish Cicero didn't come right after dinner. It is just like a nut course."

Ella (using encyclopedia): "See appendix:—Where on earth is it?"
Emily MacR: In your right side, crazy."

A School Lesson.

There, little Fresh——don't cry!
Your lessons are hard, I know;
The teachers are stern,
But you must learn:—
We all have found it so,
And Freshman troubles will soon pass by
There, little Fresh——don't cry!

There little Soph——don't boast!
You have frolicked through work, I know;
But the glad wild ways
Of your Sophomore days
Soon like a flash will go:
Then no more pranks and no more "roasts"
There little Soph——don't boast!

There, little Junior——don't sigh!
You've increased in knowledge, 'tis true;
And the rainbow gleams
Of your Junior dreams
Will come in a year or two,
For work and toil will soon go by;—
There, little Junior——don't sigh!

There, little Senior——beware!
You've attained your goal, at last;
But beyond there lies
The big world so wise
Through which you have to pass,
There may be joy and there may be care
So, little Senior——beware!
—M. C.

Miss Kate (in Bible): "Leonora, give the names of the three bishops who were burned."

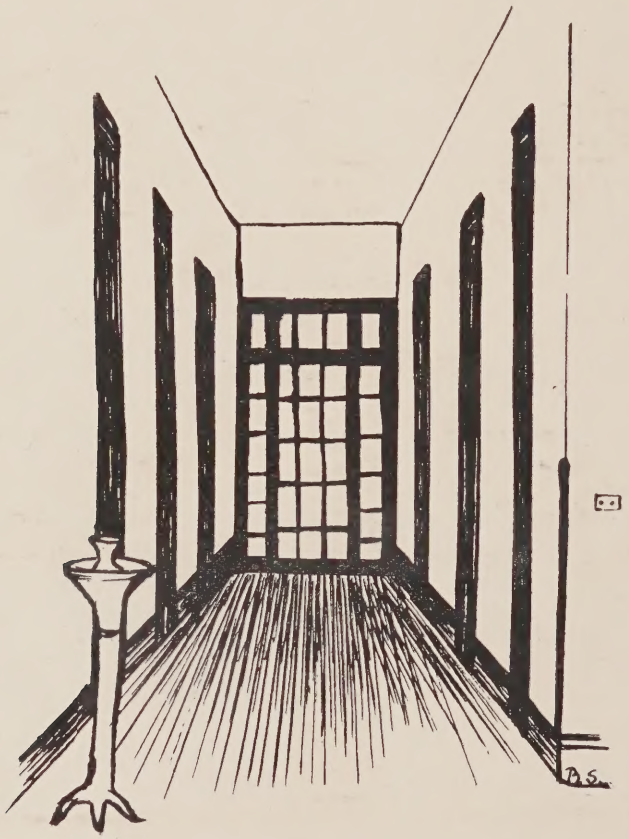
Leonora: "Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego."

Miss Kate (in History): "Miss Dermid, how long did the Thirty Years' War last?"

Lucy: "I don't know, Miss Kate, but I think it was thirty years."

Member of faculty to monitor: "How many disorders does it take to make a neatness?"

Do these sound familiar?
"Well, what is it today?"
"Quietly please, no prompting."
"Now, young ladees, none of that."
"Well, what is the lesson today?"
"Girls! Girls! Not so much noise."
"Have you bean for your milk?"
"If you know, you're the smartest person in the world for nobody knows it."
"Is that clear?"



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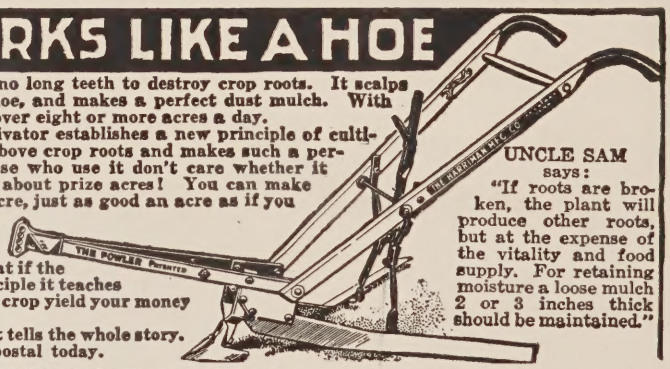

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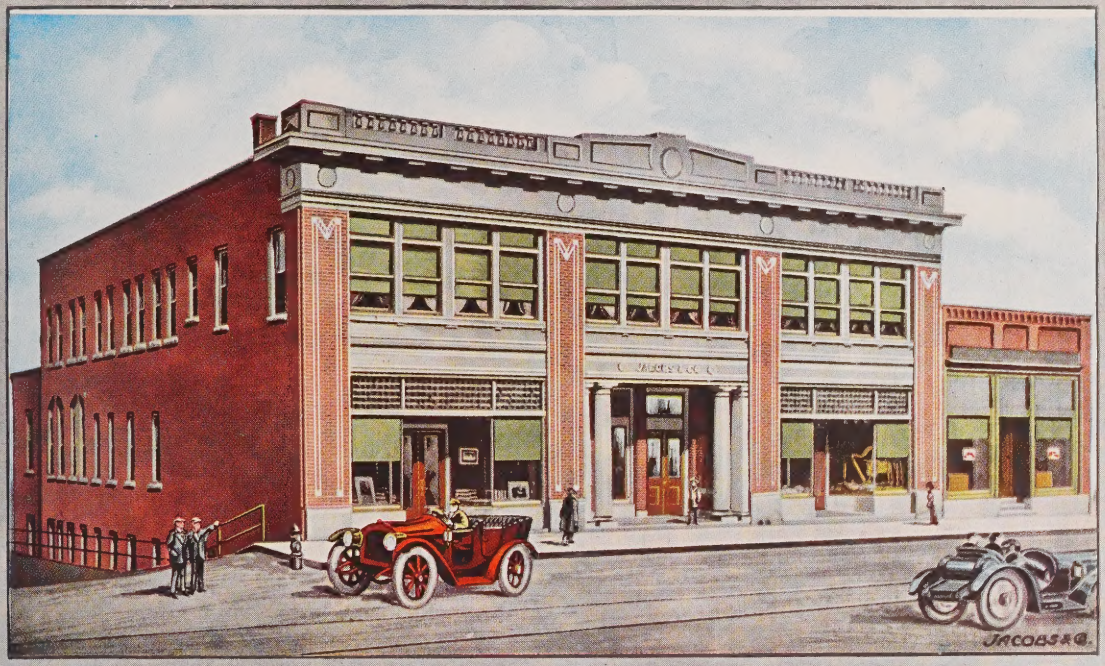

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